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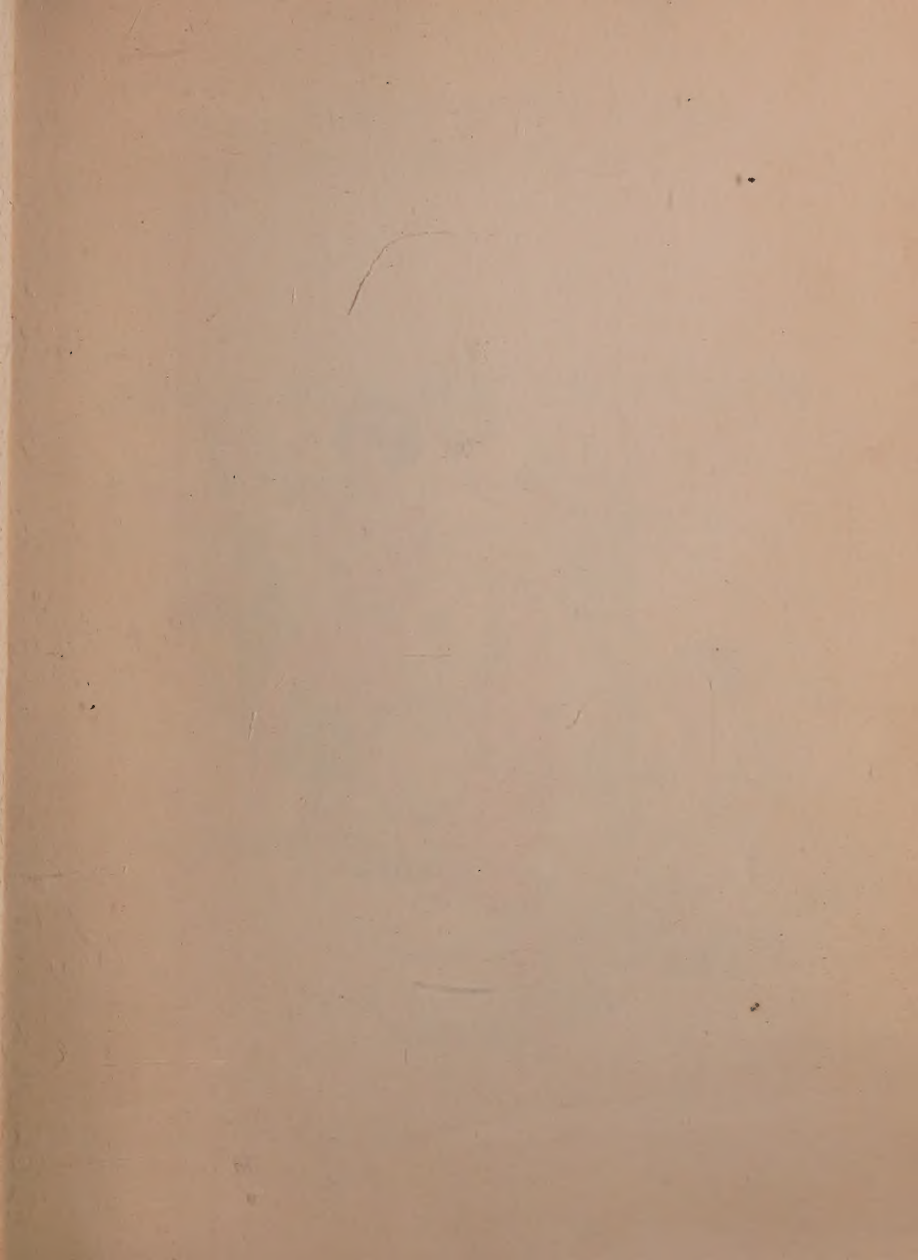
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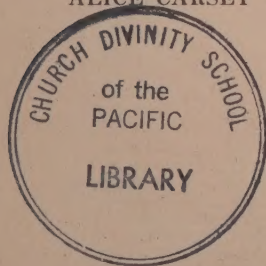
# JESUS AND THE CHILDREN

*by*

**ETHEL L. SMITHER**

Elementary Specialist, Associate Editor Children's Publications,  
Methodist Episcopal Church, writer International  
Graded Lessons, Syndicate Series

*Illustrated by*  
**ALICE CARSEY**



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*To*  
**My MOTHER and My FATHER**  
Who Made my Story-Book  
Days Happy

17639



# FOREWORD

Time was when the wisdom of the world was preserved and transmitted by means of oral narrative. In stories repeated from generation to generation, the traditions, life philosophies and statements of religious faith of ancient peoples gradually assumed those classic forms in which the later arts of writing and printing have preserved them as source materials of modern civilization.

Among these ancient treasure stores of racial folklore, faith and insight into truth, the Hebrew scriptures of the Old Testament are preeminent. On them, in turn, rest the New Testament writings with their record of the life of Jesus and the beginnings of the Christian faith and fellowship. The Old and New Testaments compose the Bible, which is the world's greatest source book of moral and religious teachings.

To make available these biblical materials in graded and attractive form for children and youth is the purpose of the *American Standard Bible Readers* of which this primer is the second book. The series comprises two primers and six readers intended for use in the home circle, and as supplementary readers in public schools and libraries. The grading of the Bible text is in harmony with the principles observed in all well graded week-day and Sunday courses of religious education. The authors are among the best trained and most experienced workers in the field of religious education.

HENRY H. MEYER, *General Editor*  
Dean of Boston University School of  
Religious Education and Social Service





## Jesus and the Children

Once upon a time some children were playing in a little village near where Jesus lived. The children were named Rachel and Miriam and Mary. Then there were Joel and Baby James.

The children were playing wedding.

All at once the children stopped playing and ran up the little narrow street toward a doorway. Three mothers had just sat down in the doorway. They were Joel's mother and Baby James' mother and Mary's mother. The children knew that the mothers were ready to tell stories about Jesus.



A big boy named Levi came to hear the stories, too.

The children loved the stories about Jesus. So they crowded close to their mothers. They looked like a bunch of flowers in their pretty red, blue and yellow clothes.





So the mothers told the children about Jesus when he was a little tiny baby. And they told stories about Jesus who was a big man now, and so kind and friendly.

“I’d like to see Jesus,” said Joel.

“So should I,” said Miriam.



“Look mother!” said Rachel.  
“Here comes brother Simeon.  
Why is he running so fast? He is  
out of breath.”

“He must have something interesting to tell us,” answered her mother. “Listen!”





“Oh, mother!” called Simeon,  
“Jesus is just down the road! He  
is near our village. I saw him with  
my own eyes. I heard him with  
my own ears tell one of our stories,  
the one about the shepherd.”

“Take us to see Jesus,” cried  
the children. “We want to see  
Jesus.”

“See Jesus!” said Baby James,  
and clapped his hands.



“Very well,” said the mothers.  
“Come, get ready. We must look  
our very best when we go to see  
Jesus.”

So the mothers washed the children's faces. They brushed their hair. They put on their prettiest clothes.





Then they all started down the road. The little boys and girls walked beside their mothers. Baby James' mother carried him.

"Perhaps Jesus will even put his hand on your heads," said Joel's mother. "Then you will always try to be good."

"We will," said the children.

The big boys and girls ran into the fields. They picked the beautiful purple and red lilies. They were going to give them to Jesus.

"Jesus just loves flowers," said Rachel. "Won't he be glad to get these!"



The children skipped along happily. “We are going to see Jesus,” they sang.

“We are going to see Jesus,” they told an old lame man sitting by the side of the road. He nodded and smiled at them.



Down the road the mothers and the children saw some men. They were near a little well. They were sitting in the cool shade of a tall green tree.





The mothers and children hurried nearer. Yes, there was Jesus! He was talking to the men by the well. He was sitting in the cool shade of the green tree. The big boys and girls ran ahead. They wanted to give their flowers to Jesus first of all. But some of the friends of Jesus stopped them.

“Go away,” they said crossly, “Jesus is busy. He has no time for you. Can’t you see?”



CARBEY

The children were sad. The mothers were sad. Baby James cried. But slowly they started back home.



Jesus stopped talking and he came toward the mothers and the children. He held out his hands to them.

“Let the children come to me,” said Jesus. “Do not send them away.”





The children ran to Jesus. They gave him their purple and red flowers.

Jesus took Baby James in his arms. Baby James put his arms around Jesus' neck. Mary touched his dress lovingly with her fingers.

The other children crowded about him. They could not get close enough.

“We know stories about *you*,” they said happily.

Jesus smiled. He told them a story, the story about the good shepherd.



FARSEY

After the story the mothers and children went home. They were all so happy. They had seen Jesus! He was their friend. And after that the children wanted to hear stories about Jesus every day.



## The Good Shepherd

"Tell us Jesus' story about the shepherd," said the children one day.

So the mother of James told this story:

There was once a man who had one hundred sheep. He was called a shepherd.



Some of his sheep were big sheep  
with round horns and fat, bushy  
tails.





Some of his sheep were middle-sized mother sheep with floppy ears, and—



there were some little frisky lambs  
with black feet.



The shepherd took good care of his sheep. He found green grass for them to eat.

182

11





He found cool water for them to  
drink.



One morning a big lion jumped out of some bushes as the sheep passed by, but—



—the shepherd took his club and drove the lion away. He was not afraid of the big roaring lion.

“The big lion shall not hurt *even one* little lamb,” said the shepherd.



When night came, the shepherd called his sheep, "Coo-o-o- sheep, Coo-o-o-o- sheep. Come, let's go home."

"Tinkle, tinkle," said the bells about the sheep's necks as they followed him.

Then he led them home. He played his shepherd's pipe as he walked.

"Cheerie, cheerie, cheer," played the shepherd on his pipe. That was the song the birds had sung to him.

"Lul-l-l-who-oo-," played the shepherd on his pipe. That was the song the wind had sung to him.

"I love thee, O Lord, my God," sang the shepherd. That was his very own song.





When he got home, the shepherd opened the door of the little yard where he kept the sheep. They went through the door

one

—

by

—

one.

“One, two, three,” the shepherd counted them.

One little frisky lamb was missing.

“I must go find my little lamb,” said the shepherd to a friend. “Will you please watch my other sheep for me?”





So he took his crook,  
and  
he took his club.



And he went out on the hill to find his little lamb.

“Coo-o-o-o little lamb, little lamb,” the shepherd called, but the little lamb did not answer. The little bell tied to the lamb’s neck did not say “tinkle, tinkle.”

The little lamb was still too far away to hear.



Then the shepherd began to look down by the cool water for the little lamb.

“Coo-o-o- little lamb, little lamb,” the shepherd called. But the little lamb did not answer. The little bell tied around his neck did not say “tinkle, tinkle.” The little lamb was still too far away to hear.





The shepherd looked near some bushes for the little lamb.

“Coo-o-o-o- little lamb, little lamb,” he called.

“Maa! Maa!” answered the little lamb.

“Tinkle, tinkle!” said the little bell tied around the little lamb’s neck.

The little lamb was caught in a bush and could not get away. There were sharp thorns on the bush and the little lamb’s wool was caught in them.



There was a sore on the little lamb's leg. The shepherd rubbed it with oil to make it well.



The shepherd carried the little lamb all the way home on his shoulders. The little lamb was so tired.



It was quite dark when the shepherd got home. The stars were shining. His friend came to meet him with a torch in his hand.

“Be glad with me,” called the shepherd. “I have found my sheep that was lost.”





## Jesus and a Sick Boy

“I heard a new story about Jesus today. He is so kind and helpful,” said the mother of Rachel one day.

“We want to hear it. Tell it, please,” the children begged.

A little boy was very sick. He was hot with fever. He tossed upon his bed backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards.



The little boy's father was a rich man, but he could not make the little boy well.

“I do want my little boy to get well,” the father said.

His mother loved him dearly, but she could not make the little boy well.

“I do want my little boy to get well,” the mother said.



But the little boy did not get well. He got hotter and hotter with fever. He tossed backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards in his bed.

“What shall we do?” said the mother.

“Perhaps Jesus can make our little boy well,” said the father. “He likes to help little children.”

“Do go and find him,” said the mother.

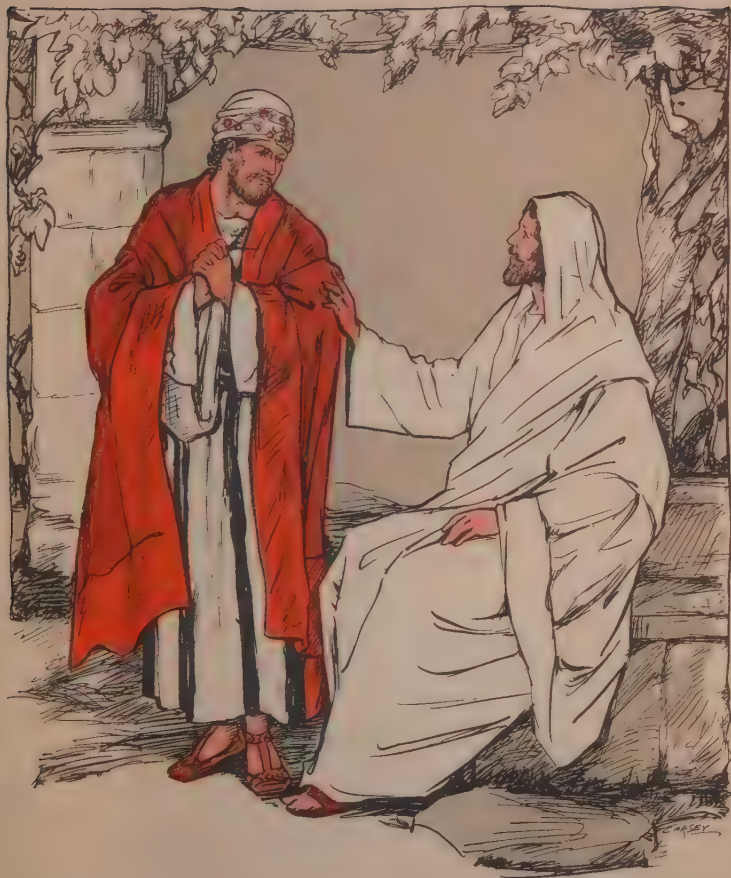
The father left his beautiful home and hurried to find Jesus.



The father walked and walked and walked. At last he found Jesus.

“Please make my little boy well. He is so hot and so sick. You can!” the father begged.

Jesus smiled. He wanted to help. He wanted the father to be happy right away and so he did not even wait to go home with the rich man. He just said, “Go home. Your little boy is going to get well. Do not be worried.”





The father hurried home. He went tap, tap, tapping down the road with his stick. All the way he said over and over to himself, “My little boy is going to get well. My little boy is going to get well.”

He believed what Jesus had told him.



When the father was almost home, he saw some of his servants running to meet him.

“Your little boy is well, your little boy is well,” they called.

“When did he start to get better?” the father asked.

“Yesterday, at one o’clock,” the servants answered.

This was just the time when Jesus had said, “Go home. Your little boy will get well.”

The happy father hurried on.



His little boy was waiting in the door-way of their home. He was not hot with fever any more. He was well.

He put his arms around his father's neck, and hugged him. The mother watched them smiling.

The mother and the father and the little boy all loved Jesus.



# The Little Boy with the Lunch

One day a little boy told his mother good-bye and went to look for Jesus to hear him tell stories.

Jesus was out on a hillside near where the little boy lived.

The little boy wanted to see him just as all the children did.

He had heard of the other children who went to see Jesus.







The little boy had a big bag. It was his lunch bag. In it was his lunch for he was going to be gone all day.

For lunch his mother had given  
him two small fish



and  
five flat loaves of hard bread.

They looked like flat cakes.



The boy found Jesus easily for Jesus was talking to crowds and crowds of people who had come to hear him tell stories.

All day long Jesus told them stories.



The little boy loved the stories. He listened for a long, long time.

Night time was coming. Still the people did not want to leave Jesus. The fathers were hungry. The mothers were hungry. The children cried because they were so hungry. But they did not want to leave Jesus. They loved him.

“Send them away,” said Jesus’ friends. “Then they can go to the villages and buy some bread to eat.”

“No, give them something to eat right here,” said Jesus. “They are hungry.”

But his friends said,



“We haven’t enough to feed all these people. It would take much money to buy even a little bread for them.”

The little boy touched the robe of Andrew, one of Jesus’ friends. He showed him his lunch. “Jesus can have my fish and bread,” he told Andrew.





“There is a boy here with two fish and five loaves of bread,” Andrew told Jesus. “But that is not enough for all these people!”

“Bring the fish and the bread here,” said Jesus, “and make the people sit down.”

The people sat down on the grass.

The little boy gave his fish and his loaves of bread to Jesus. Jesus thanked the little boy.



Then Jesus broke the bread and fish into little pieces. He thanked God for the bread and the fish. His friends gave it to the hungry people. Everybody had enough to eat. Nobody was hungry any more.



The little boy hurried home as fast as he could go.

“Oh, Mother,” he said, “aren’t you glad? I gave my lunch to Jesus so that he could give the hungry mothers and fathers and children something to eat!”

And the mother smiled, for she was very glad that her boy had helped Jesus.



## When Jesus Was a Baby

One day Rachel's aunt came to see her. She knew Mary, the mother of Jesus. They lived in the same town. "Do you know any new stories about Jesus?" the children asked Rachel's aunt at story-telling time.

"Did you ever hear the story of the Wise Men?" asked the aunt.

"That is a new story," said Joel.

"Very well, I'll tell it just as Jesus' mother told it to me."

When Jesus was a little baby, some men came hunting for him. They were called Wise Men. They had come riding across the sands on their white camels.





The camels had beautiful red and blue and purple silk cloths on their backs. They had bells around their necks. As the camels walked the bells swung and clanged and swung and clanged, and made music.



The Wise Men were following a beautiful shining star. It shone and twinkled with green and red and yellow lights. It called to the Wise Men, "Come, see the little Baby Jesus. Come, see the little new King."

The Wise Men had followed the star for a long, long time as it shone and twinkled.



The Wise Men asked every one they met “Where is he that is born a King? Where is he that is born a King? We have seen his star in the East. We have come to worship him; to bring him presents.”

But no one seemed to know about the Baby Jesus.



The Wise Men kept on asking,  
“Where is he that is born a King?”  
“Where is he that is born a King?”

King Herod heard about them.  
He sent for them.

“Where is he that is born a  
King?” The Wise Men asked King  
Herod.

King Herod made the teachers  
look in their books to find out  
where the King would be born.

“Go look in Bethlehem,” the  
teachers said.





So the Wise Men started to Bethlehem “and the star which they saw in the East went before them until it came and stood over the place where the young child was.”



Then the camels knelt before this  
little house and the Wise Men  
climbed down.



The Wise Men took the beautiful presents which they had brought to Jesus out of their treasure boxes. There was gold and jars full of sweet perfume called Frankincense and Myrrh.



The Wise Men went into the little house. The camels kept still, waiting. The star twinkled and shone. It seemed to say, “You have found the little Baby Jesus! You have found the little new King!”





The Wise Men found the little Jesus with his mother, Mary. They knelt before him. They gave him their presents. They had found the little new King and they were glad.





## Bible References

*The Bible references on which these little stories are based are given below. Because the times of Jesus differ greatly in background from the life of the little child today, these stories have been expanded in order to make them satisfying and vivid. No elements have been introduced, however, which are not in keeping with the facts as related in the Bible story itself or with the geography and customs of Palestine at the time of Jesus.*

And they were bringing unto him little children, that he should touch them: and the disciples rebuked them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for to such belongeth the kingdom of God. . . . .

And he took them in his arms, and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

Mark 10:13-14, 16.

And he spake unto them this parable, saying,

What man of you, having a hundred sheep, and having lost one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and his neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost.

Luke 15:3-6.

He came therefore again unto Cana of Galilee, . . . . . And there was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum.

When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judæa into Galilee, he went unto him, and besought him that he would come down, and heal his son; for he was at the point of death. . . . .

The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die.

Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. The man believed the word that Jesus spake unto him, and he went his way.

And as he was now going down, his servants met him, saying, that his son lived.

So he inquired of them the hour when he began to amend. They said therefore unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him.

So the father knew that it was at that hour in which Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth.

John 4:46, 47, 49-53.

After these things Jesus went away to the other side of the sea of Galilee, which is the sea of Tiberias.

And a great multitude followed him.

And Jesus went up into the mountain, and there he sat with his disciples. . . . .

Jesus therefore lifting up his eyes, and seeing that a great multitude cometh unto him, saith unto Philip, Whence are we to buy bread, that these may eat? . . . . .

Philip answered him, Two hundred shillings' worth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one may take a little.

One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him,

There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves, and two fishes: but what are these among so many?

Jesus said, Make the people sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand.

Jesus therefore took the loaves; and having given thanks, he distributed to them that were set down; likewise also of the fishes as much as they would.

John 6:1-3, 5, 7-11.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, Wise Men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying,

Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

And when Herod the king heard it, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And gathering together all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written through the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, land of Judah, Art in no wise least among the princes of Judah: For out of thee shall come forth a governor, who shall be shepherd of my people Israel.

Then Herod privily called the Wise Men, and learned of them exactly what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search out exactly concerning the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word, that I also may come and worship him.

And they, having heard the king, went their way; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Matthew 2:1-11.












A stylized illustration of a young boy with dark hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt with a red bow tie and red shorts, lying on his stomach on a grassy field, reading a book. In the background, a shepherd with a staff stands near a flock of sheep on a hillside. A large, dark, leafy tree is on the right. The sky is a pale blue. The illustration is in a simple, graphic style with bold outlines and flat colors.

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